

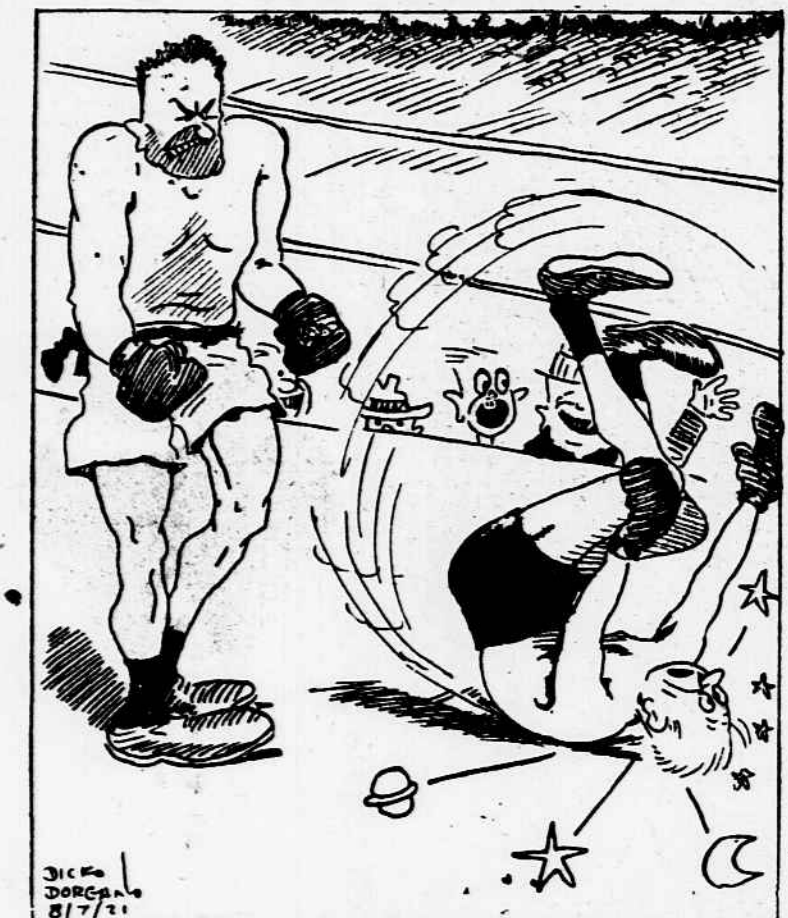
SUMMERING AT HOME

Suggestions for Overcoming the Disadvantage of Not Having a Charge Account With the Railroads.

BY RING W. LARDNER.

TO the editor: Along this time of year, most people are either back from their vacation or just going on it and either way they are talking about it and thinking what a good time they are going to have or trying to pretend like they had one, and more than one of my friends has asked me where I'm going on my vacation and I tell them I ain't going nowhere and then they say, "Oh that's right, you have one all the year around," which is supposed to be a humorous remark so we all enjoy a good laugh which is a whole lot easier than explaining every time that the reason I ain't going nowhere is I'm in number one of which is that I haven't got no charge acct. with the R. R. companies and the other reason is that when a man lives in a place like I live in he don't half go nowhere because he can indulge in all the comforts of a summer re-

sort right here at home. That is, except mosquitoes, which I take my oath that since I been living in Great Neck I only seen 2 of them and they both had a New Jersey license. But if a summer resort can be a summer resort without mosquitoes then we certainly have got one and as a matter of fact I don't hardly miss the mosquitoes at all on acct. of the flies which isn't nothing like the flies we use to have out west as these boys don't just leave but they are in earnest and take right a hold. Just ask some of the guests who have entertained by leaving when they set out on the porch, probably in a joking way, that he would screen it for \$250.00, and they will tell you that they had just as much fun slapping their ankles and squawking as though the mosquitoes had a local here and as for results why spend a couple days amidst Long's Island's flies and all your friends will remark how nobby you look.



"SOME PEOPLE SAY IT WAS GOING TO NEW JERSEY THAT UPSET CARPENTER."

is generally always full of regular customers, but once in a while we get the overflow from the house next door where they have big parties every week end, but the host is a nut and he sometimes begins to pull on his young visitors and they drop in at our joint for a few minutes and then they are out.

These is just a few of the pleasures which I can enjoy without going on an expensive vacation, and as for the climate they hardly a night all summer when you can sleep without your night gown and in the day time the sun comes out along about noon sometimes and it gets kind of hot, but most of the day people has to wear their collars and all the air seems healthy and in fact it was in this atmosphere that Geo. Carpenter got in such good shape for the big fight and a good many people think he would of stayed in the same shape if he had stuck to Long's Island but it was going to New Jersey that day that upset him.

RING W. LARDNER.

Great Neck, Aug. 5.

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INEZ APPLIES

THE ACID TEST

(Continued from Second Page.)



"SPEND A COUPLE OF DAYS WITH LONG ISLAND'S FLIES AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL REMARK HOW NOBBY YOU LOOK."

Y. again at 9:22 and be in bed a little after 10 o'clock without missing none of the show as they generally spring the joke in the 1st act.

Personally I kept away from the big town last summer from Aug. 26 till the 1 of Oct. and both of us stood it pretty good though when I finally did half to go in, it was kind of hard to pick up the language.

However, they's some men that their business is so important that they can't go to places like up in Maine or the 1000 Floating Islands on acct. of being too far from N. Y. as well as other men that haven't no business in the city but are in witte. Well, Great Neck is the ideal spot for these kind of people as they can drive in in 15 minutes or get there on the train in 24 minutes, which they can even cut 9 minutes off by asking a real estate man about the trains.

You can have a picnic in our front yard and a good many people does come every Sunday P. M. and seems to enjoy the stay almost as much as though they knew whose grounds they was picnicing on, and in return I am sure I couldn't be no fonder of them if we was acquainted, so it looks like our relations may as well continue like they are, namely they haven't no idea who I am and the only clue I got in regards to them is that they are fond of watermelons, but don't like the crust part of bread.

As far as sports and games is concerned I have got a tennis court under construction in the back yard which a Greek god from Port Washington started building it and said under construction in the back yard of June and they's lively betting around the neighborhoods as to what yr. he referred to, but any way it ain't make much difference as at my age it had to be this June or never.

But right across the street in Miss Welby's yard where nimbros can enjoy themselves shooting gulls and we have also got a boat which a young man that claims to be working for us bought himself to go fishing in it and we can use it to row across the bay and back as soon as he fur-

cause he brought around a matrimonial candidate for Inez and she turned him down flat. This is a clever little scheme of Uncle Nels for making her take the other choice—real work.

"He's losing all the money he put into buying out The Cave, though," says Barry.

"Yes," says I. "But I'm beginning to get a line on that old boy. He'll squeak a dime until his thumb looks like a 'meo of an eagle, but he'll toss a check for a few thousand and a guy as it is a cigarette coupon. Especially when you touch that stubborn streak of his. There's only one answer to this Barry. It's up to us to make a quick getaway."

"If you could find another basement vacant," suggests Barry, "couldn't you open up there?"

"On a combined capital of what?" says I. "There'd be an advance payment on the lease, the moving expenses, three or four days out to fix up a new joint, and probably a month before our old customers found where we'd gone. No, I can't see it. Barry, I expect we've simply got to quit."

"The old pirate!" says Barry. "To spring it on you like this?"

"I know," says I. "But all along I've said that old boy was a trick uncle. Here comes Inez now. Watch how she takes it."

"Take what?" asks Inez.

"Oh, nothing much," says I. "Except that your Uncle Nels has been up to mischief. Dirty work at the cross roads. We're evicted."

"Hey?" says Inez, never missing a stroke on the gum.

"It's a case of pack and git before night," says I. "He's bought the building and is having it pulled down. We're plumb overboard, Inez. At least, we're out in the street, with no more home than a couple of rabbits. And your soft career as The White Goddess is finished."

At which Inez merely hunches her shoulders. "So?" says she. "Oh, well, I get tired of this place. Speaking of this place, Fried chicken every night, and fresh guys gettin' say when they pay checks. Huh!"

"Yes," says I. "Work means rustling another job," I suggests.

"Maybe we get some place where something goes on," says Inez.

"Yes," says I. "For instance, 'I no care,' says Inez.

"Isn't that perfectly bully?" says Barry.

Barry, "Invictus, eh?"

of her fate, captain of her soul, and— "all that sort of thing."

"I—I no like capitans," announces Inez.

"No, she doesn't," says I. "Don't mention 'em again, Barry."

"But why?" he asks.

"They snore in the movies," says I. "And by 4 o'clock that afternoon we were back in a double room at Miss Welby's with nothing definite looming in the future except a cold meat supper."

"Speaking of your dear Uncle Nels," says I. "I expect he's all right, in his place."

Inez blinks without saying a word.

"But between us," I goes on, "this place isn't on any map I ever saw. Eh?"

(Copyright, 1921.)

Gun Play

(Continued from Third Page.)

go colorless, as the barrel of her weapon was brought slowly about until it was pointed directly at the heart of her victim.

SHE waited, and a breathless hush swayed with her, as she took one shuddering breath, her finger hesitating on the trigger. Her face, with its horror-widened eyes, was now averted from the debonair youth into whose body her bullet was supposed to crash. That face stared, as bloodless as a skull, toward the audience it did not see, and even Budanski himself felt the scampering mouse feet of emotional reaction up and down his spine at the sustained moment of suspense held by the sepulchral blank face of the woman so terribly afraid of death.

"There's greatness in that," whispered the master of stagecraft, for the second time.

Then he leaned forward, with a frown of disappointment on his face, for the thread of the drama was to snap. The forward-thrust body of the woman with the revolver suddenly stiffened. She fell back a few steps, with the wading motion of a bathing half immersed in water, flung the revolver away from her, and as she stood facing the audience sobbed out brokenly, "I can't do it! I can't do it!"

She raised her hands, as though to cover her face. But before the movement could be completed she went down on the dusty boards of the stage front. She did not fall, for it was not the faint that most of the audience inferred it to be. It was more a slow crumbling down of the inert body, a subsidence without sound or shock. The only perceptible sound, indeed, in the momentary hush of that motionless and slightly mystified house was the small noise of sobs from the woman lying with her head toward the stage apron, inhaling floor dust and clawing foolishly at the board cracks.

It was the company behind that stage-apron, more than the audience in front of it, which stood startled by this unlooked-for ending to the familiar old story. Wallie Craswell sharply called out to Anada Kinsella, whose muffled scream of "Mother!" was lost in a peep of dozens of supers, made up as peons, crowding noisily out on the stage for the finale, as they had been to the young man.

"The old woman's gone blooley!" gasped Hunkle Hoppe, trying to herd them back.

"Get your curtain down!" called Grimshaw, signaling to the one-eyed orchestra leader to start his recession music. Half the audience was on its feet by this time, and the strained laughter of a woman in a gallery seat was sharpening into the uncontrolled screams of hysteria.

"Help me here," Wallie Craswell cried out to Hoppe, as he stooped to lift the passive woman from the boards. "Are you all right?" he gasped as he backed away with his burden. "Look out for your curtain there! This side, Anada, and we'll get her to a dressing room!"

Hunkle Hoppe, once his curtain was down, gaped after the white-faced woman being supported by the girl and the young man on either side of her.

"And she gummed her best scene—with Budanski out front!" he muttered as he picked up the fallen revolver. Then he turned irritably to the staring supers. "Get off the stage, you muckers! Can't you see this show's over?"

"Mother, are you all right?" the girl was still demanding of the older woman beadle here. For that older woman had suddenly stopped and stared at her with the abstraction of a somnambulist. Then she had turned and stared with prolonged absorption into the face of the youth in the ridiculous Mexican jacket braided with brass sequins. Slowly she took the brown-stained hand which had been clasping her arm and lifted it toward the white-powdered hand of the girl on her other side. She thrust the two hands toward each other until they met and clasped. She did so with a solemnity which tended to translate the movement into a rite. She was even able to smile wittily at those hesitatingly clasped fingers which tightened at her surrendering nod of approval.

"Yes, I'm all right," she said, as she walked unsteadily toward her dressing room.

Loose as the theater noisily emptied, drew a deep breath.

"I'll be darned if that old shetrouper didn't give me a shiver up the backbone," he said with an achieved air of flippancy.

"She'll give you quite a few before I'm through with her," retorted the older man.

Lower, who knew his chief, did not let the significance of that declaration escape him.

"But can she do it again?" he asked, with his eyes on the curtain stippled with its competitive trade announcements.

"She did it once, didn't she?"

"We've just seen it," admitted the younger man.

"Then it's up to me to make her do it again," was Budanski's untroubled retort.

"Mother," called Anada at Katharine Kinsella's door ten minutes later, "there's a Mr. Budanski here to see you."

There was a ponderable lapse of time before any answer came from the woman behind the closed door.

"Will you ask him what he wants?" the muffled voice finally said. But Budanski, at this juncture, pushed the girl aside. There was impatience in his gesture.

"To get you back to Broadway before the end of the month," announced the old manager, swinging back the door. "To sign you up for three years, lady, before I leave this room!"

"Wait—wait till I finish dressing," flattered the lady in question with one hand on the greasy back of a chair with a broken leg and the other holding a clustered collar kimono against her shoulders.

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted the great man of Broadway with his vaudeville prerogatives. "I've only forty minutes to get this business settled. And I've only five weeks to get you back into real stage work. So let's get down to brass tacks. Does five hundred a week seem a fair figure for the first year?"

Slowly the woman turned over the crumpled kimono and slowly she thrust her arms through the faded voluminous sleeves. All the while her eyes were on Budanski's face. They were opaque and expressionless, but the machinery of thought behind them was racing with its ramifying oogs of conjecture. She knew what it meant in a way, from the moment she first heard it. But it took time to digest that discovery.

"My daughter"—she began, with the look of pathos intensified on her face.

"Which is her?" demanded Budanski, misunderstanding the woman's hesitation as he turned in the open door. He suspected the maneuver of seeing a family encumbrance attaching itself to a working necessity.

The woman, with her meditative wide stare still on her face, stepped to the door. Close under the switchboard, in the half light, she could see a tall youth in a Mexican jacket braided with sequins standing with his arms folded about a slender girl whose head rested on his shoulder. There drew apart the next moment, and stood speaking in earnest whispers. Then the girl placed a hand on the shoulder of the braided jacket and the youth's arms once more unfolded her.

"That's my daughter," murmured the woman with the abstracted eyes. And Budanski smiled, in spite of himself, in spite of the tragic light of relinquishment in the older woman's eyes.

"You mean she used to be your daughter, don't you?" he curtly inquired.

Instead of answering him in words, she moved her head slowly up and down, the gesture still repeating that abstracted head movement of acquiescence when he glanced down at his watch and swung the door shut. "So watch and swing the door shut," he announced, as he cleared one end of the littered dressing table and reached for his fountain pen.

The Hecht Co.'s Half-Yearly Discount Sale of Furniture

Now is the time to buy furniture. According to Bradstreet, furniture prices are deflated; we believe they are down to rock bottom.

Some time ago we adjusted our stocks to the new low levels; now we offer these low-priced stocks at

Additional discounts of
10% to 40%

—making prices as near pre-war levels as any of us dare hope for. The entire stocks are included.

Just to show how prices have come down, we list some typical values showing the recessions from January to July to NOW.



This bedroom suite, \$295

In January, 1921 it was \$490 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$385

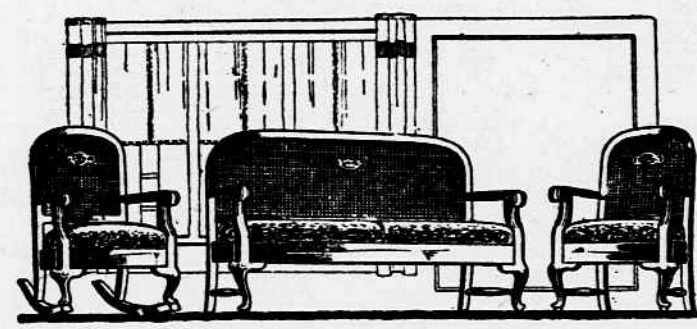
4-piece American walnut dresser, semi-vanity case, chiffonette and double bed. Queen Anne design.



This dining room suite, \$220

In January, 1921 it was \$395 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$295

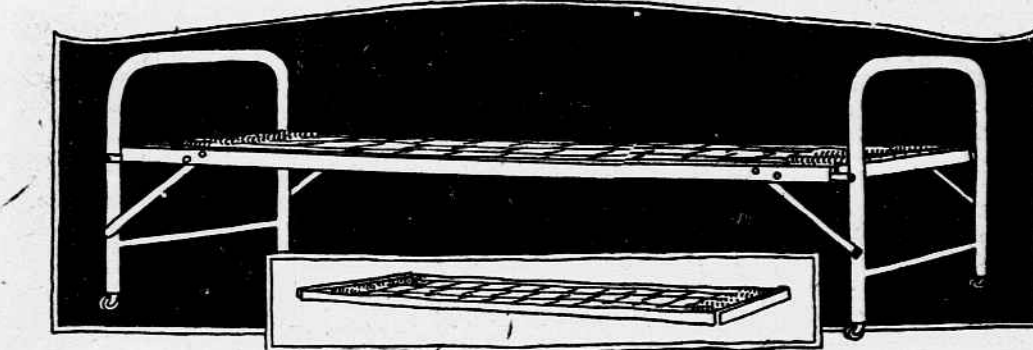
4-piece American walnut suite. 54-inch buffet, china closet, server and extension table



This living room suite, \$165

In January, 1921 it was \$270 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$225

3-piece suite, mahogany and cane. Sofa, armchair and rocker, with spring seats, tapestry upholstered.



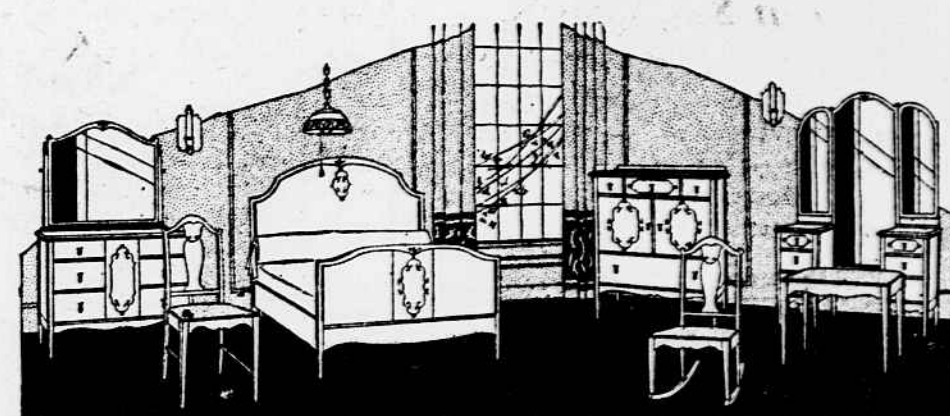
6,000 more Government cots!
Hotel men, boarding house keepers, every one!
Simmons steel cots \$1.39
"Uncle Sam" paid \$5.75 for them

The most convenient bed-cot known for campers or for home use. Illustration shows it folded and open.
Constructed with continuous post—Simmons patented, galvanized twisted spring. Folds perfectly flat; dark japanned finish. 26-ft. size.
Can be easily enameled white. Subject to slight faults in construction and finish, but nothing to affect their durability.

Cot pads and mattresses

Sizes to fit above cots—priced exceptionally low.

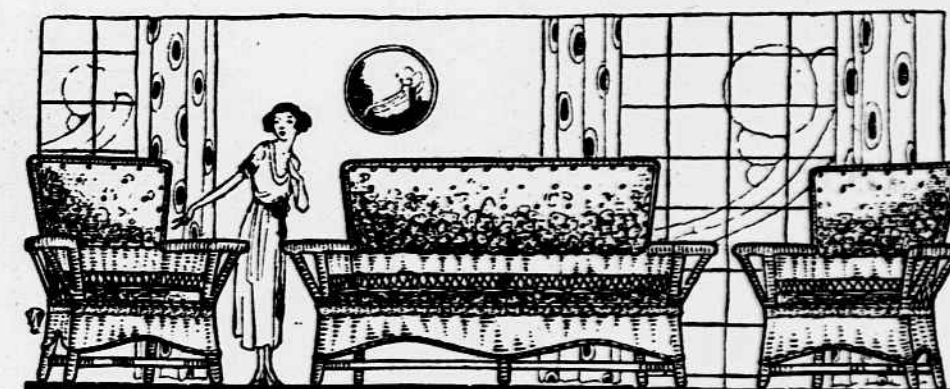
Special jute pad,	\$1.95	2½-inch box felt pad,	\$5.75
Special cotton pad,	\$2.85	5-in. boxed cotton mattress,	\$5.95
2½-inch box cotton pad,	\$3.95	5-in. boxed felt mattress,	\$7.95



This bedroom suite, \$475

In January, 1921 it was \$790 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$612

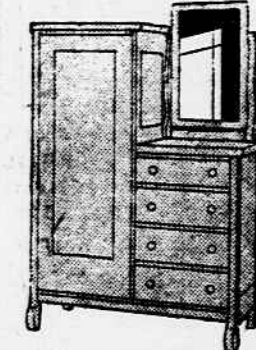
7-piece walnut or mahogany suite; vanity case, dresser, chiffonette, double bed, chair, rocker and bench.



This reed fiber suite, \$59

In January, 1921 it was \$135 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$100

3 pieces, baronial brown finish. Loose cushions over spring seats. Backs upholstered in cretonne.



This Chiffonette \$47

In January it was \$85 On July 1st it was \$63.50

Large robe section, four drawers, swinging mirror, American walnut, mahogany or oak.



This cabinet \$27.50

In January it was \$49.75 On July 1st it was \$39.75

Oak kitchen cabinet with sliding aluminum table top and labor saving equipment.



This bedroom suite, \$115

In January, 1921 it was \$235 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$148.50

4-piece American walnut finish suite; dresser, chiffonette, toilet table and double bed.

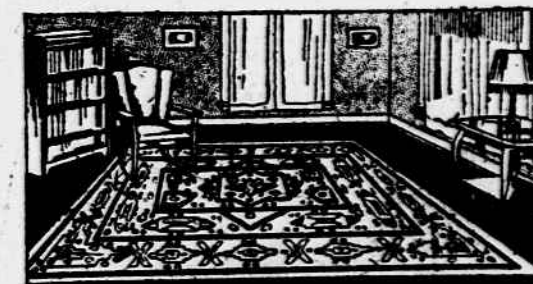


This dining room suite, \$245

In January, 1921 it was \$425 On July 1st, 1921 it was \$324

4-piece American walnut or brown mahogany. Buffet, china cabinet, server and extension table.

\$45 axminster 9x12 rugs
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Every wool rug in stock discounted 10% to 25%

Your unrestricted choice—Axminsters, Brussels, Wilton Velvets, Royal Wiltons. Every size and every style. Buy now—your purchase reserved for future delivery should you so desire. (Fourth floor.)

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